

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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VISIT TO MOZART'S WIDOW AND SISTER.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

Sir,—As every thing relative to the immortal Mozart must be interesting to musical readers, I send you a few extracts from some letters, containing the particulars of a visit to his widow and sister in 1829.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

DEAR C.—Who does not know the enthusiast S—? the punctual attendant at the Philharmonic Concerts; the worshipper and eulogist of artists; who lives in a dreamy existence, surrounded by the shadows of his beloved ones, to whom he writes sonnets, and crowns them with flowers?

Well, S— found out that, Mozart's sister was blind, bedridden, and out of sorts with fortune; deserted by all, except a few humble friends who kindly ministered to her infirmities. S— represented this to the musical profession in London, and a handsome sum was immediately raised amongst a few of them, which we undertook to convey to Salzburg. * * * We entered Salzburg at 12 o'clock at night: only one inn was open at that hour, and I believe at first, there was a proposition that all the passengers, male and female, should sleep in one room: but as *Der Herr* and *Die Frau* objected, we were shewn into a prodigious apartment that appeared to serve occasionally for an assembly room; for it was hung round with grim portraits of Landgraves and Dames, in velvet satin and grogram, interspersed with sconces, and a large chandelier was suspended from the centre of the ceiling. In this room were three small curtainless beds. We ordered supper, and were just beginning to feel ourselves comfortable, when the door opened, and the landlady very unceremoniously introduced two women to sleep in the same apartment. It was of no use remonstrating: "*Der Herr*," she said "could sleep in one corner; *Die Damen* in another, and the two women in the third."

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The other hotels were closed, and she fairly told us we had no choice. Here was a dilemma!—my head was full of banditti, from having travelled all day through thick woods, with not a habitation for miles; and all the German horrors, of which I had read many, came thronging to my imagination; yet thus to sleep in a room with strangers “who might be vampires, and strangle us in our sleep.” These poor women were however very harmless; they rose the next morning at four, and went their way.

About six, Dear V. (who had risen early) returned, all eager pleasure, for he had been exploring the birth-place of his favourite Mozart; had seen the house in which he was born, and discovered the abode of his widow and sister.

We had not breakfasted; our luggage was to be fetched from the Custom House, our passport from the Police; but none of these sublunary affairs could touch Vin., and I would not awaken him from his delicious trance, but paid our bill at “The Ox,” and departed for “The Ship,” trusting we should not *there* be intruded upon by “strange bed-fellows.”

As you dear C. have never visited Salzburg, I must tell you by the way, that it is most delightfully situated, and worthy to have been the birth-place of such a poetical musician as Mozart. In the time of the mean-souled Archbishop, who treated him and his father so scurvily, the palace and town were kept in a style of more than regal splendour; but now it is fallen to decay, and many of the stately buildings are in ruins. Still surrounding nature is magnificent, and the scenery far surpassing anything on the Rhine. The river Saltzer (from which the town is named) runs with astonishing rapidity, between immense mountains, some of which present their rugged sides quite bare of vegetation, others clothed to the top with dark firs, or sunny vines; and the higher and more distant ones, covered with snow, which at sunrise and sunset reflect the light in beautiful colours; rose, orange, blue; whilst at other times, the clouds hang round them literally like wreaths; the principal ones are named Untersberg, Watsman, Teufels’ Horn, the Capuchinberg, and the Nonnenberg; the latter is crowned with a most noble fortress. Half way down is situated the house of Mozart’s widow, since married to M. Nyssen, and widowed a second time. Oh! what a world of sensations did I experience upon first seeing the wife of Mozart, the woman who had been so dear to him, whom he had so often fondly caressed, for whom his love and tender solicitude had urged to such great and glorious efforts of his genius: next to seeing himself, it was the nearest approach to his earthly remains, and I felt during the whole interview as if his spirit were with us. How could it be otherwise as I held in my hand his portrait, which breathes of life and him. Upon my first entrance I was so overcome with various emotions, that I could do nothing but weep and embrace her; she seemed also much affected, and exclaimed repeatedly in French “Oh what a happiness for me, to see such enthusiasm for my Mozart.” She speaks French fluently, though with a German accent: Italian she prefers, but as I do not converse in that language (though V. does) she politely continued in French. She is indeed completely a well-bred lady; and though no remains of beauty exist, except in her eyes, (such as the engraving prefixed to her

biography of Mozart would indicate) yet she keeps her figure and a certain air well, for a woman who must, I suppose, be nearly seventy years of age.

Her apartment, like most foreign ones, was not encumbered with furniture; and the room in which she received us, opened to a closet which contained her bed; but this was tastefully covered with a bright green silk counterpane, which harmonised nicely with some flowers in the apartment; whilst from the windows was spread the glorious Panorama of Salzburg, which I have before attempted to describe. She showed us Mozart's album; but as most of the pieces were written in German, they were sealed treasures to us; but some lines in his own handwriting were delicious to look upon: the character was small, like V.'s, or rather like mine, when I imitate his. She describes him as loving all the arts, and having a genius for most of them: he drew a little, and excelled in dancing. She said he was generally cheerful and in good humour; rarely melancholy, though sometimes pensive: "Indeed, he was an angel," she exclaimed, "and is one in heaven now:" this was said quite simply, without the least affectation of sentiment, but probably arising from some tender recollection of bygone kindness on his part.

The original paintings of those portraits she has published with his memoirs and letters, hung round the room; but the exquisite likeness of Mozart, painted in oil by her brother in law, she keeps carefully in a case, and refuses to have it finished (it was left imperfect by Lange) lest some unlucky touch should spoil the divine expression. It is much handsomer than the lithograph; the forehead is high and ample in the extreme, full of genius, the mouth replete with sweetness; his hands were small and delicate.

Mme. Nyssen thinks that 'Don Giovanni,' was his favourite opera, but is not certain; 'Figaro,' was often preferred. Idomeneo he wrote when only twenty-one years of age, at Munich, which he esteemed the period of his life most free from cares. He played the organ delightfully, as well as the piano, but seldom touched this last instrument in company, unless those were present who could appreciate him; but he would often extemporize, when alone with her. When composing, he became completely abstracted; walked about the apartment, totally unconscious of what was passing around; but when once his conceptions were arranged in his mind, he needed no piano-forte, but would take music paper, and whilst he wrote would say to her "Now, my dear wife, have the goodness to repeat what conversation has passed, and tell me all the news." Her talking never interrupted him, he wrote on, "which is more" she added, "than I can do with the commonest letter." * * *

In my next, dear C, I will give you some account of the sister, to whom our mission was more immediately directed.

Ever your's affectionately,

M. S. N.

[To be continued in a future number.]

STATE OF PSALMODY IN ENGLAND.*

NOTHING can be more fatal to the best interests of the establishment, than the ready entrance of the imbecile into the sanctuary; and as long as the economy of the choirs is constituted on a plan which leaves the door open for the ignorant or the incompetent, and which necessarily throws them under the management of persons, little or (as it appears occasionally) in no wise acquainted with the first essential rudiments of the science; so long will the musical portion of our high and glorious service be an insult to the eminent in the profession, a misfortune to the clergy, and a calamity to the public at large. We believe our cathedrals are perhaps now the only foundations in this country, which afford official asylums for persons who have neither by education, genius, nor learning, secured to themselves any title for their appointments; and their good fortune is probably as much an ever-continuing surprise to themselves, as it is a daily miracle to those who know them, and their absolute unfitness for their employments. Some men we are told become the public scorn, by a mere mistake in their talents. Others, although honoured with high and distinguished marks of approbation, commit some outrageous act of suicide against their literary reputations, thereby making themselves unimpeachable witnesses of the short sightedness of their patrons, and their own unworthiness and incapacity to sustain the greatness which had been thrust upon them: and although they survive the blow for a season, find nothing around to console them but the gibes and sneers of their contemporaries. These are characters by no means rare in our cathedrals, where it is in vain to conceal the truth, sacred music has been long retrograding—fast dropping behind. The musical appointments in these places have ceased to be the rewards of eminence in the profession, and this fact being incontrovertible, we have the public sanction to brand with meanness and ignorance the powers that be, whilst they continue to maintain a culpable indifference to the best interest of the endowments they have sworn to maintain, and which they are bound by every tie of honour and religion to render more useful and more worthy of veneration and regard. But although nothing is doing within the walls of our cathedrals, for cathedral music: although we know of no organist who is at this time engaged in any train of original research; and although not a single discovery, invention, importation or adaptation, of prominent interest has been in the present day, made by our cathedral musicians, much we are ready to admit has been done, and is doing to improve the musical service in our parochial churches. Here the exertions of the warm-hearted, and energetic, are no longer blasted by the cold shade of aristocracy, or the black obtrusive clouds of dulness and insipidity. Many excellent publications have appeared, which must eventually prove of overpowering influence in the amelioration of parochial music; and we think we can foresee the regeneration of the more gorgeous rites of the cathedral effected, through the humble but not less touching services of the parish church.

Amongst other attempts to assist in the improvement of Psalmody, that

* Psalm and Hymn Tunes, &c. &c., harmonized for the three voices, by W. Hawes, &c.

undertaken by the editor of a religious publication, entitled "The Christian Remembrancer," appears by its pretensions, the most to court public attention. This gentleman we understand to be a minor canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, and consequently a clergyman. He appears to have conceived a plan of carrying into execution a project which our present excellent archbishop, when Bishop of London, in a letter to Heber, denounced as in his judgment impracticable. If the Clergy of England are to be beguiled into the use of one and the same selection of Psalms and Hymns, we scarce need assure the editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, that he is not the individual to whom it is given to accomplish this enterprize. The delicate mind of Cowper, the glowing imagination of Charles Wesley, and the equable flow of Dr. Watts, have severely suffered through the attempted improvements of those who possessed not one idea in common with these apostles of the *Christian Lyre*; and we regret to find the editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* one amongst the band of despoilers. We have often thought those who dignify themselves as the High Church party, in avoiding the theopathic phrasology of the untutored early methodists, have fallen either into the Charybdis of Judaism, or the Scylla of Socinianism; and Coleridge was not far from the truth, when he observed that members of the establishment sing rather as Jews than Christians. We have no space to enlarge on a most interesting subject; our present object is the musical portion of this publication, which has been undertaken by Mr. William Hawes, the master of the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral, and of the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

In the preface we are told the publication was undertaken with a view of promoting "a very pleasing and important part of our public devotions," and that the aim of the compiler has been two-fold—"first, to select the most simple, sweet, and flowing melodies, and secondly, to have them harmonized so as to suit both public and private worship." The plan was good, but the execution is the result of miserable ineptitude and imbecility; and exhibits such a mass of ignorance, vulgarity, negligence, and false composition of all kinds, as were never before we believe collected into the same compass. By charitable construction the reverend editor may be initiated in the doctrines and precepts of divine lore, but on the subject of sacred music he is evidently at sea, and has unfortunately relied on the assistance of an individual who is obviously unacquainted with his profession. Such an extraordinary volume, such a precious farrago we never saw before, and are pretty sure we shall never meet with again. Granting Mr. Hawes as much taste as a man without a spark of genius can have, he has perfectly succeeded by dint of his manipulations, not only in vulgarizing such names as Corelli, Mozart, Handel, and Beethoven; but by his unrivalled skill in patchwork, he has cast the mantle of a wretched dotage round the persons of Messrs. Attwood, Chard, Beckwith, and others of his cotemporaries and fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the cathedral. Perhaps no writer half so feeble, ever succeeded in turning so many decent compositions into objects of loathing and disgust. On the first examination of Mr. Hawes' labours, we naturally threw the book down with that feeling of scorn and aversion which its absurdities and imperfections have made its inseparable accompaniment, ejaculating in the language of Jacques, "God be

with you, let's meet as little as we can;" but on further inspection it appeared to us (and our readers no doubt will think also) that a calm and dispassionate survey of Mr. Hawes' blundering departures from all that genius and learning have hitherto sanctioned as the landmarks of the science, would operate as a warning to deter others from pursuing similar vagaries.

If this publication had been issued anonymously, the only melancholy circumstance attending its introduction to the public, would have been confined to the author; who, if he had any feeling of generous enthusiasm, would be in a most unhappy state of mind when he heard his lucubrations stigmatized by every competent judge, in the manner they deserve. Whether with honour to himself, or justice to his subscribers, he can consistently allow the plates any longer to remain imperishable records of a denseness of intellect scarcely credible of an individual of his standing in the profession, is matter for Mr. Hawes' grave consideration. We have seen some hundreds of psalm tune books, but this shines with "disastrous lustre," and as we may now presume, "the force of folly can no farther go," we humbly hope the lowest point of degradation has at length been reached: and, indeed, if all the blockheads in the kingdom were to join in a similar holocaust of taste, sense, and reputation, we much doubt whether any extraordinary pains need be taken to concoct a volume less palatable, or a greater object of scorn and contempt. Mr. Hawes has not evidently extended a knowledge of music much beyond a familiarity with the notes; for in this compilation of psalm tunes, he has contrived to give detestable examples of every possible sin against grammar. We have culled some few specimens from the work, on which our engraver has bestowed so much elegance and beauty, that it is to be lamented the thoughts should be so worthless and reprehensible; our readers will therefore have no difficulty in judging for themselves of the extent of Mr. Hawes' abilities, natural or acquired. His incapacity to appreciate the beautiful is evident, and he could as easily extend his stature as conceal the certain knowledge of his ignorance. Taking into consideration the number of his appointments, his early avocations in the sanctuary, his daily duties as the teacher of vocal music and the elements of the science to the rising members of the profession—the *parvi clerici* of her Majesty's Chapel, and St. Paul's Cathedral—his performances in the work under review become incomprehensible. The only legitimate method of accounting for this publication is, that Mr. Hawes *tried to write* as he has done; but he should have recollected "none but quick and clever men can write good nonsense." We shall show the nonsense of Mr. Hawes to be the worst of all possible nonsense, and so well grounded an opinion do we entertain on the subject, that if Mr. Hawes should deem it proper to peruse these pages, he will assuredly say of his psalm tunes in the well-known words of the dramatist, "If I am not ashamed of them, I am a soused gurnet."

Mr. Hawes not being a simple bruiser of Priscian's head, but one who in the language of Thomas Morley breaks it "to the very brain," our readers will not be surprised to learn that this rash aspirant to the character of a musician has clean divested himself of the trammels of any particular school; neither has any known style been adopted in the mode of the arrangements or judgment exercised in the selection of the melodies. This gentlemen also attempts

the composer! Let those who are cursed with an imperturbable spirit of conceit—a spirit which has usurped the place of modesty, take warning; and let them not imagine in the wane of their wits, and the infancy of their discretion, that it is in these days desirable to see an unenviable notoriety for becoming eminently conspicuous, in the midst of the most *radiant* darkness. Simplicity of melody is the first, most high and perfect quality of the corale; but the melody should be also graceful, flowing, dignified, exquisitely phrased, balanced in its cadences and periods, similar in its diatonic progressions, and characterized by a unity of purpose and design from beginning to end. Turn to the bold and beautiful melodies, Bethlehem, Pentonville, Nineveh, Clifton, and Chichester, the corales of Samuel Wesley;* and observe how eminently these qualities shine forth. In the two styles the bold and the beautiful, we think the two last corales unequalled; and yet how simple are both! how charmingly adapted for unisonous performance in large masses! Having studied the fine keeping of the progressions of these melodies, the beauty of the cadence, and the gradual development of the one perfect idea, turn gentle reader, to a tune called 'Adelphi,' page 163 in Mr. Hawes' collection. Chaucer says "there is no guise so new that it has not been old;" possibly then Mr. Hawes can inform the public, upon what authority he ventured to insult the good-natured purchasers of this volume with such insufferable nonsense; such maudlin, drivelling, idiotical absurdities, as appear in this thing called a tune, and to which he has had the modesty to place his name alongside the superscription as the composer! Most assuredly no member of the Chapel Royal, no member of St. Paul's Cathedral, from the earliest days of these institutions, ever before so disgraced himself or these establishments. The hymn consists of seven lines. The tune is in C major. Mark the balance and variety of the cadences. The first line terminates in the relative minor; the second in the dominant; the third, after going through sundry remote distances, closes in the tonic minor; the fourth repeats the relative minor; the fifth ends in the tonic major; the sixth the relative minor; and the last the tonic major. Examples 50 and 51 have been taken from "Adelphi," and a very pretty specimen it is of the notions which Mr. William Hawes, the master of the boys in the Queen's Chapel and St. Paul's Cathedral, entertains of "pure vocal music," for our readers will please to recollect the tunes in Mr. Hawes' collection have been specially harmonized for three voices. Our readers cannot but admire "the concatenation accordingly" of the harmonies; and we presume, if the youngest boy in Mr. Hawes' school had ventured to send him up such an ineffably stupid exercise, no person would have pitied the little urchin the sound flogging his carelessness would have secured him, provided his master had the competence, or the knowledge necessary to discover the offences against good taste and all accredited models, with which this tune abounds. "Hampton," page 23, is another specimen of Mr. Hawes' notions of corale writing: it consists of 2 verses, s.m. The first verse is thus arranged: line 1st closes in

* The first three are found in "Sale's Psalms and Hymns of the Church," the remaining are quoted from "The Psalmist," part 2.

tonic, line 2d in dominant, 3d in dominant, and 4th in dominant of the dominant!! The second verse commences with the relative minor of the subdominant (Mr. Hawes never sticks at trifles) and closes its first line in relative minor of the tonic, the 2d in the dominant, 3d in the dominant again, and 4th in the tonic. "Welcome home Mr. Dubourg."

Having disposed of Mr. Hawes' jejune attempts at composition, we will say a word as to his character as an arranger, and then refer specifically to the specimens which *adorn* our present number. It may be said there are six modes of arranging a corale: the first is that plain counterpoint, note against note, with the pure simple harmonies of the strict vocal school of the Italians. The tunes of Mr. Wesley before referred to, furnish examples. The next is rather a bolder style and will be found in the corales of Graun and his contemporaries. The 3d is still bolder, and appears in the corales of Spohr and Haeser: see the 'Faust' and 'The Triumph of Faith.' The 5th is that abounding in the noble diatonic dissonances with which Bach and Mendelssohn rejoice to clothe their simplest of melodies. The 6th is purely of English growth, and is a sort of signal glee accompaniment to the air suited to a quartett choir. Examples will be found in Mr. Sale's book, on referring to the tunes by Mrs. W. J. Thoms, Mr. Burrowes, and Mr. Jolly. Mr. Hawes delights in none of these things; he has bestrode his Pegasus and ridden away into regions where no earthly science is of any avail. Those who think with him must learn to forget all that they have hitherto learnt. He has chosen to arrange his melodies in three parts. This plan, if not presumptuous, was rather rash. To write well in three parts is a much more difficult task than to write in four; and if "mine enemy" had advised this, Mr. Hawes should have carefully shunned the precipice. As it is, he has tumbled neck and heels down the deep abyss! and the man who has published such refined nonsense as the second parts of Essex (page 7), and Ipswich (page 15) exhibit, will find it no light effort to raise himself up again. Possibly Mr. Hawes' boys sing such things at the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral, but (thanks to the amateur societies) "the tripe and soap boilers" of the conventicle have long abstained from defiling themselves with such abominations against reason and taste.

[Press of matter obliges us to defer the remainder of this Review until the next number.]

STATE OF MUSIC IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

(Concluded.)

UP to the present point I have only explained to the reader one chapter of our history. These letters however are intended to trace the present as well as retrace the past; and as the present can be understood only by the assistance of the past, it is requisite that I should lay down for the foreign reader an historical foundation, which, for my own countrymen would be superfluous. I will therefore proceed by anticipation to describe one of those musical festivals, the origin of which I have already recorded. Between the commencement and conclusion of the present letter, there has in fact been celebrated the sixth annual festival of the Brandenburg Vocal Society, which I have already alluded to. It took place upon the present occasion at Brandenburg upon the Hanel,

the ancient capital of Brandenburg die Mark. It would be difficult for a stranger to form any idea of the cordial and benevolent joy which animates a little town of this description, when one of these festivals comes to break the ordinary and ever tranquil march of time. For weeks before the event, a committee composed of the most business-like and influential inhabitants meet together, and address letters of invitation to all the towns belonging to the association of the Mark, and to all the artists whose presence would be acceptable at the festival. This year they appointed for their director, the composer Frederick Schneider, of Dessau, whose oratorios of "The Last Judgment," "The Deluge," and "Absalom," &c. &c. have rendered him celebrated. Three performances were to be given: one on the morning of the first day in the church, where they proposed performing religious compositions of moderate length, and a grand instrumental composition. The latter portion of the arrangement was carried out by performing Beethoven's symphony in G minor. The sacred pieces were, two psalms by Bernhard Klein; a "Gloria" of Haydn; and a "Te Deum," by the director Frederick Schneider.—The second morning's performance (also in the church) was dedicated to the admirable "Samson," of Handel; and the third, in the afternoon of the same day, took place in the theatre; the programme of which consisted of Beethoven's symphony in A, with a choice selection. The plan was well laid out, and if in the accomplishment any thing were to be desired, it was to be made up in the magnitude of the orchestra. For several weeks previously, the societies in the small towns had been practising the choral pieces appointed to be performed; but during the week of the festival, which preceded Easter, they began to pour in to Brandenburg for the purpose of the full rehearsals. The little town was all life and activity. Every instant stages and carriages were passing the gates. The visitors all received a hearty welcome, and were distributed about among the inns and other places of public accommodation. He who the year before had dispensed his hospitality, was now the expected guest. Full rehearsals now began. It is no trifling exertion to bring so many isolated portions of an orchestra into one grand (as it were military) unity, and to impress them with a uniform precision in every movement. From morning till evening there was enough to do; but zeal superseded every thought of fatigue, because each felt his own credit to be interested in the business in hand. The first day of the festival at length arrived. If the town had been already in a bustle, it now became doubly animated, because the audience began to arrive.

Unfortunately the weather was boisterous and rainy. Had it not been for this circumstance the general effect would have been much more brilliant; for, from several leagues round, ministers, gentlemen, and farmers arrived with their wives and children. The church was studded with heads from end to side, the audience manifesting a serious anticipation and solicitude, which redounded greatly to their credit when contrasted with the distraction so perceptible in our concert rooms in the capital. Moreover the majority of the pieces were executed in very superior style, and produced an extraordinary effect. The two psalms by Klein were, according to the primitive spirit of the society, performed by male voices alone, and by a chorus of about 200 excellent singers. It may be observed that Bernard Klein, who was commis-

sioned by the government to compose a great number of these sacred pieces, is, to a certain degree, the patron of these male societies, and who sing his music almost the whole year round. The other sacred compositions were sustained by women also. The best singers of Berlin and Dessau were entrusted with the solos; and they were in consequence performed with equal excellence. Frederick Schneider is at this present time incontestably the most skilful composer of sacred music in Germany. His "Te Deum," gave a fresh proof of this. It is a work in which the severity of the science is united without constraint to a free and facile invention. After the performance, the musicians of both sexes re-assembled at a grand dinner, served by the town to the guests. Music being both the soul and end of the festival, it was not spared at the banquet. The songs of the Liedertafeln, (lately described) enlivened the feast. As females were also of the party, these sang some exquisite compositions, and they were rewarded with coronals of flowers and nosegays. The good fellowship which reigned at the board, may be imagined; moreover, the municipal hospitality did not stint the wine; and champagne mantled in every glass. The feast continued till evening, when it was deemed prudent to separate, because of the severer duty they had to perform on the following day.

The "Samson" of Handel is, in our opinion, the grandest work of that sublime master. In vigour and power of invention, it surpasses every thing in its own epoch; so that to hear some of the choruses, one might fancy them to have come freshly from the pen of Beethoven. The several characters are maintained throughout with all the grandeur of the Greek tragedy. The air "Total eclipse," is instinct with so profound a sorrow, and at the same time so dignified, so elevated, that the whole range of sacred composition cannot, perhaps, produce a second model of the same description. When a work of this character is listened to, under circumstances produced by so pure and so noble an enthusiasm for art, the impression received from it is the most lofty imaginable. Imagine a fine old Gothic church compactly filled, and all absorbed in the most breathless attention. In this spirit was the "Samson" of Handel received.

The space allotted to the choir was doubled by means of a scaffolding, the performers being disposed in the shape of an amphitheatre. From the young girl of sixteen, to the grey-headed player on the double-bass, all eyes were fixed upon the director, whose celebrity shed a double lustre upon the little town. The oratorio being over, every one like a soldier after battle, felt proud of the part he had contributed towards gaining the victory.

The theatre which was taken for the concert of secular music, being very small, the prices of admission were all doubled; and notwithstanding, every place was occupied. Besides several pieces of standard merit that were performed, Beethoven's symphony in A was played with fire and precision. The principal female singers were, Pollert, Borucker, and Türschmied; and the men were, Braun, Diedicke, Krüger and Zschiesche. Lindner and Zimmermann were the best violinists; Winzer was at the piano; Drechsler the excellent violoncellist was there, and Schuncke the remarkable performer on the horn. Although the concert lasted more than four hours, it was listened to

with interest throughout. The festival concluded with a ball, given in the elegant hall of the Free-masons; and all who had assisted in the music were invited, and were distinguished from the other guests by a knot of white, blue, and green ribbands.

In finishing this letter, I may be excused the remark, that independently of the benefit resulting from these festivals to art, and musical instruction in general; still greater advantages arise from the hospitable cordiality, promoted by the friendly associations with neighbouring towns.

L. RELLSTAB.

THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The last performance for the season took place on Tuesday evening. The opera was 'La Gazza ladra,' and the ballet of 'Le Brigand de Terracina.' After the opera the company came forward and sang the national anthem; Grisi taking the first verse; Ivanoff, Tamburini, and the Jupiter, the second; and Albertazzi, the third. Her Majesty, with her royal mother, were present, but the party had retired before the anthem began.—Although the regular "season" has concluded, we hear that the house will not close till to-morrow, the 19th.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Peake's new musical drama, entitled 'Blanche of Jersey,' has been performed several times during the week. The story is essentially melodramatic in character; and, making due allowance for melodramatic improbability, it is very interesting: yet after all, what is more capricious and improbable than the romance of real life? As in the material world, what more wayward, fanciful, and surprising than the combinations in the phases assumed by nature? We could not dare to decide what is improbable in a story. In the plot of this drama by Mr. Peake, objection is taken against a smuggler and murderer (remarkably well played, by the way, by Diddear) voluntarily surrendering himself to the authorities, in order that the unjust sentence against the patron of his blind old mother should be averted. But who has not heard of overburdened consciences in real life? The fact is, Mr. Peake has hosts of precedents for this; and we repeat, that he has told an exciting story, and in his own delightful way, interspersed with that peculiar humour which we always relish:—it is rich, broad, and original, without offence.

The performers have one and all done the author full justice. The sensible singing of Miss Romer (the heroine), with her pathetic acting; the more than clever personation of the blind old woman by Mme. Simon; the quiet and natural deportment of Brindall, the father of Blanche; and the quaint humour of Compton, in the character of a dolt and a dotard, left us without an excuse for being carping and critical. Among the others, Seguin sings, and with much spirit, a bacchanalian song of the fine old English character; Fraser, the lover of Blanche, a sweetly pretty ballad; and lastly, that clearly intelligent little creature, Miss Poole, with her pure and beautiful quality of voice, sings a cheerful ballad in the most charmingly natural style. The music, the whole of which is by Mr. Barnett, is distinguished by richness and elegance, with perfect propriety of character. The choruses are natural, effective and scientific, without the pedantry of art; and there is a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, that passes off almost wholly unnoticed, which is nevertheless a charming composition throughout.

PROVINCIAL CONCERTS.

EXETER.—The concert of Mr. Marsh the celebrated pianist, Mr. Ole Bull, (who by the bye, is not yet off to America) and Mlle. Ostergaard, on Wednesday the 2nd inst., at the Subscription Rooms, was fashionably attended. Mr. Marsh's execution as a pianist, drew forth the plaudits of a delighted auditory, whilst his performance on the harp was not less flatteringly received. Mr. Marsh also sang in a pleasing and finished style one or two compositions of his own, which were spoken of highly by the professional gentlemen present. Mlle. Ostergaard sang with great taste, and was honoured with flattering encores.

BERKSHIRE MUSIC MEETING.—In consequence of the Hereford Music Meeting occurring during the last week in September, the oratorio for the benefit of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, is postponed to October 3rd. The performance will take place in Reading.

REVIEW.

'Mon Retour de Suisse.' Fantasia pour le pianoforte, sur un thème favori composée par Fred. Burgmüller. CHAPPELL.

If Mr. Burgmüller has written for very young players, his fantasia has its recommendations. The air is rather poor, but the variations are very pretty, and lie well for the hands.

'The Deserted one.' A ballad. Poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.; Music by J. P. Knight. FENTUM.

Another of Mr. Knight's very sweet ballads.

Ma Normandie. Romance favorite Française, arrangée pour la harpe, par N. C. Bochsa. MILLS.

Marche Golgondoise pour la harpe, tirée de l'opera Française Aline, arrangée par N. C. Bochsa. MILLS.

The former piece is one of Mr. Bochsa's best trifles. It is a pretty little waltz tune, containing three variations tastefully treated.

The second is but a common-place movement—all the way through nothing but tonic and dominant. To say the best of it, it may do for school practice.

'The voice of praise.' The words by Mary Russell Mitford; the music by Adolph Marschan. BOOSEY.

'The rose-bud.' Composed by Adolph Marschan. BOOSEY.

It would be difficult, with strict justice, to award higher praise to the above than that they are agreeable melodies. We should have guessed them to be the sort of compositions which a young lady, possessing a graceful perception of the beautiful, but not a correct knowledge of progression would put down.

'Where my early days were passed.' Ballad sung by Mrs. Honey, in *'The King of the Danube and the Water Lily'*; composed by Louis Leo. JEFFERYS. An appropriately tasteful melody; well conducted throughout, and as well accompanied.

Select Studies for the Pianoforte; being an introductory practice to the compositions of Beethoven, Cramer, Field, Hummel, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Potter, Pixis, Thalberg, Zimmermann, &c. &c. In three books. Book 1. D'ALMAINE.

Judging from the examples collected in the first compartment of this work, we have no hesitation in saying that the editor, whoever he may be, (and we cannot understand why he should not have published his name) has displayed

nice judgment and refined taste. The specimens from the several masters are exquisite; the object of the compiler being to bring together a series of "studies for the formation of a fine and brilliant style of execution, calculated to enable the performer to overcome all the difficulties of modern composition." The work is really a common-place-book of gems extracted from the lengthened compositions of such writers as Mozart, Steibelt, Hummel, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Czerny, Weber, and Zimmermann. The specimens selected from the last composer, are among the most elegant in the book. As a proof of the editor's judgment in conducting the student towards a perfect style of piano-forte playing; in this first division of his plan, he places before him pieces for brilliant execution; in the second book he will present him a series of Adagio and Andante movements, calculated to give an expressive and finished style to his performance; and the last book will contain a selection of fugues in the strict and free styles. A more judicious course of practice than this it would be difficult to point out. The pupil must be considerably advanced to undertake the course: he will consequently be the better qualified to appreciate the beauties in the selection; and if he feel disappointed at our recommendation, we should be at a loss to direct him to a better course.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, CHELSEA.—The Queen, it is said, has signified her intention of visiting this institution, and of inspecting the establishment. Her Majesty, accompanied by her suite and staff of field officers, will review the youthful inmates in the park attached to the asylum. Great preparations are being made by all the officers connected with the department to receive her Majesty with all due honours, and to celebrate the event. A new anthem, composed expressly for the occasion, will be played by the full band of the school. The day has not, as yet, been fixed.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The numerous alterations and improvements at this establishment are proceeding rapidly, and will be completed towards the latter end of this month. The theatre itself will re-open in September. The whole of the interior is being re-decorated, under the able superintendence of Mr. W. Bradwell, in a most novel and tasteful manner, the principal colours being blue and white on a dark ground. Yesterday the proscenium was ordered to be taken down, for the purpose of being repainted, whilst the magnificent chandelier, put up by Laporte, has been restored to the hands of its manufacturer to be renovated.

Mme. Vestris and Charles Mathews are performing at Liverpool.

Mlle. Celeste, the celebrated actress, arrived on Friday evening from America, in the Packet Ship to England. This lady has realized upwards of 200,000 dollars by her trip to the United States, in the short space of two years and a half. We understand she is engaged in Paris.—*Liverpool Standard.*

The Southampton Theatre has recently changed hands; it has gone from those of the veteran managers (Kelly and Maxfield) to Mr. Shalders, who has embellished and decorated it, and opens with every prospect of success, having got together an excellent company.

Vandenhoff is on his way to America, to join Wallack at the "National" theatre, New York, which opens on the 26th instant.

Miss Sherriff, who is engaged for next season at Covent Garden theatre, is now performing at Cork most successfully.

PAGANINI is now in Paris, having repaired thither for the most experienced medical advice, in consequence of an afflicting malady; the force of which however, has partially yielded to the treatment he has received. It is not expected that he will play in public.

MME. PASTA, BOCHSA, PUZZI, DE BEGNIS, and CURIONI, left London last Sunday upon a strolling speculation. Their first concert was announced to be given at Tunbridge Wells, last Monday.

MR. MORI, with MME. ALBERTAZZI, and MONS. THALBERG, are advertised to give a series of concerts through Devonshire.

HEREFORD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The following gentlemen have kindly accepted the office of stewards for the music meeting in September next:—Sir R. Price, Bart., E. T. Foley, Esq., K. Hoskins, Esq., Higford Burr, Esq., Rev. Watties Corbett, and the Rev. James King.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, London Road.—Haydn's magnificent mass, No 16. was performed here last Sunday. In none of his works has the composer shown a deeper acquaintance with the 'Ideal world,' than in this. It is one complete and fervid beauty from beginning to end. Haydn was the Raphael of music. The conceptions of both these sons of genius, when they lay aside their grandeur and elevation of style have an almost infantine fervour and simplicity which we hold to be peculiar to them. We have heard of men who were boys till they were fifty—Haydn was one to his last hour—an inspired child of nature, of three score and ten—an old seraph in a bob-wig. The finest parts of the Mass are the Adagios, (a common characteristic of the writer) and of these perhaps the best is the opening one: the 'Miserere,' is splendid, as is also the introductory movement to the 'Agnus Dei,' nor should the lovely concluding allegro be omitted in a catalogue of the beauties of this divine work. With the exception of one or two unlucky slips, the whole went off very fairly. Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Serle, were the principal singers. May we caution the gentleman who presides at the organ against an occasional disposition to interpolate the text with roulades and flourishes? whoever does this with Haydn, will assuredly be like the tinkers, who only spoil more than they mend. He will pardon us for the hint, for he can afford to do so. There, are some personages connected with the catholic choirs, whom we could name that we should as soon think of reforming the devil, as attempting to cure of their errors in this respect. With these persons we never meddle. Our business is with such only as are both able and willing to chew the cud of reflection upon what we may venture to offer.

MEYERBEER has according to report accepted three operatic poems, which he proposes bringing out in succession. He is also engaged in completing a posthumous opera of Weber undertaken by him for the benefit of the widow of that eminent composer; his countryman, friend, and companion in musical study.

THE COMMEMORATION OF PURCEL.—The members of this interesting and truly national association assembled with a strong muster of friends at an early hour yesterday morning, and repaired to Westminster Abbey for the purpose of joining in divine worship, and assisting in the performance of some of this composer's immortal compositions. The musical portion of the service consisted of the following pieces:—High Service; Tallis.—Chant; Turle.—Te Deum in B flat; Purcel.—**FIRST ANTHEM:** Verse for three voices, Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, and Bradbury, 'Be merciful unto me, O God;' Solo, Mr. Bradbury, 'Mine enemies are daily in hand;' Verse and chorus, 'I will praise God;' Verse, 'They daily mistake my words;' Verse and chorus, 'In God's word will I rejoice, Hallelujah.'—**SECOND ANTHEM:** Chorus, eight parts, 'O Lord God of Hosts;' Verse for eight voices, 'Turn us again, O

God ;' Chorus, 'And so will we not.'—**THIRD ANTHEM:** Solo and Chorus, Mr. Chapman, 'O sing unto the Lord, Hallelujah;' Verse, Master Coward, Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, and Chapman, 'Sing unto the Lord; Solo, Mr. Chapman, 'Declare his honour;' Chorus, 'Glory and worship;' Duet, Master Coward and Mr. Hawkins, 'The Lord is great;' Quartett, 'O worship the Lord;' Solo and chorus, 'Tell it out among the heathen, Hallelujah.' The professional members present were Messrs. Turle, Bellamy, Hawkins, Francis, King, Fitzwilliam, C. Taylor, Neild, Clarke, Chapman and Hobbs. Other members of the profession, attracted by the scene, were also assisting with a host of well-known amateurs, making a total of between forty and fifty voices. The Rev. Mr. Butterfield chanted the service; and the Rev. Mr. Jennings was prebend in waiting. The service of the great composer has already been noticed in this work. The anthems were most judiciously selected, being admirable specimens of the fine powers of Henry Purcell, and of that colossal character which only a strong body of voices could fully carry out.

Of the first, Dr. Burney says, "To my conception there seems no better music existing; and the last movement in melody, harmony, and modulation, is truly divine music." Of the second he observes "this is a noble composition *alla Palestrina*, in which all the laws of fugue upon two and sometimes more subjects are preserved inviolable." The third anthem is a rare gem, which is only to be found in Mr. Novello's Edition of Purcell's sacred works. In this composition the composer is alternately pathetic, grand, sublime: affecting the mind in the most wondrous manner. The whole music was delightfully sung, and had it been otherwise, criticism has no place in the house of God. All present met for good and holy purposes, and none could depart without being improved by the scene, and with a humble acknowledgment of the beauty of the high and glorious service of our Cathedrals when properly carried out into execution. We shall refer to the evening meeting in our next number. Mr. Turle presided at the organ with distinguished ability.

THE HARMONIES OF THE UNIVERSE.—There is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whoever is harmonically composed, delights in the harmony of sounds; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and profound contemplation of the first composer; there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers. I will not say with Plato, the soul is a harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music; thus, some whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhyme.—*Sir Thos. Brown.*

VOCAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Although the Royal Academy has not fulfilled, at least in the vocal department, the expectations which were formed on its establishment, yet it may be said that the pupils have encountered unmerited neglect from the theatrical managers. Without entering into a minute investigation as to whether the directors and patrons of the Academy have constantly exerted their influence to obtain from the public a fair hearing for those whom they have allured into the musical profession, it is evident that, had the system of vocal instruction been as efficient as that pursued in other conservatorios, self-interest would have prompted managers to secure the talent matured within its precincts. It may, however, be feared, that the course of studies is not of the description to enable the pupils to keep pace with the increasing taste for classical music. The

present dearth of great singers may be ascribed to the mistaken and pernicious doctrine that mere mechanical development of the vocal organs will enable the student to cope successfully with the music of any school. In the time of Billington, Bartleman, Mara, and Catalani, whatever might be the elementary training of a singer, an intimate acquaintance with Handel, Gluck, Mozart, and Winter was considered indispensable, because among these composers lay the daily routine of their public performances. At that period a display of *mind* was a safer passport to success than rapidity of execution, and in this manner were singers forced into greatness. *Style* has been gradually lowering in proportion as it assumed an instrumental character. Italian vocal music has become more florid and less difficult of comprehension, and the fashionable style of the day may also be denominated a series of exercises. It is infinitely more difficult to do justice to an air, especially one of a grand and imposing character, than to accomplish any accumulation of the florid passages that occur in Italian solfeggios. It may, however, be hoped that a re-action is taking place; certain it is that the demand for classical music is rapidly increasing. Let the directors of the Academy not remain behind; let them prepare the pupils to answer the demands of the public by acquiring an intimate knowledge of the great masters on whom time has confirmed the suffrages bestowed by their contemporaries.—*Analyst*.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO-FORTE.

Bochsa (N. C.) Overture to "Le Corsaire," by D'ALMAINE

— Three subjects from Ditto, arranged by DITTO

— Pas de la Sultane, from Ditto DITTO

Fanna (A.) Variations sur un Thème de Rossini DITTO

Kublan. "Mes choix," No. 20. Rondeau du Maçon WESSEL

VOCAL.

Gantz (Moritz) "Concerts de Société," Soprano Song, with Piano-forte and Violoncello obligato. No. 1. "The secret that lies in my heart" WESSEL

Jessy. Song, words by Jefferys, music by Spörle KEITH

Loder (Edward J.) a Set of Songs by. By the waters of Xarana. Fill, soldiers fill. Maiden of Seville. Labor eternam. As the bark floateth on. Maid of Grenada. The Thames D'ALMAINE

Long live the Queen. National Song, T. Cooke DITTO

Marschner. Bass Song from "The Trophy." A Standard Smith am I WESSEL

— Quartett from Ditto. Master Lorenz, Master Lorenz DITTO

— Soprano Song from Ditto. In each shade of colour DITTO

The Rose of Old England PLATTS

The Pope, a happy fellow he. Convivial Song from the German, words by W. Ball OLLIVIER

SACRED.

A new Sacred Musical Amulet, selected from the works of Bach, Cherubini, &c. &c. by Charles M'Korkell COCKS

HARP.

Bochsa. Dance des Almas, from Le Corsaire D'ALMAINE

— The celebrated Pas Galop, arranged by DITTO

VIOLONCELLO AND PIANO-FORTE.

Reinagle and Schepen's 12 Italian

Airs COCKS

— and Forde's 6 German Melodies DITTO

— and Hummel's Sonata in F DITTO

— and Beethoven's Rondo DITTO

— and Hüntner's Fantasia from Semiramide DITTO

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ganz (the Brothers) Grand Duet from Weber's opera "Der Freyschütz," op. 25. Violin and Violoncello concertante WESSEL

— (Moritz) "Mes Loisirs." Six easy Pieces, Book 1, Violoncello, Piano-forte Accompt. DITTO

Lobe. Overture to "Solabella," for Grand Orchestra DITTO

ORGANS.

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